

# Geto Boys, Nothin' To Show

[Chorus]

I'll be damned if I'ma live without it  
I'm penitentiary real until the day I die  
I'll pull a fuckin heist.. snatch away your fuckin life  
Shake the dice, sell rocks, flip bricks  
Print up some motherfuckin counterfeit  
It's too cold  
When you made a big knot and your heartbeat stops  
And they throw you in a box and you ain't got nothin to show

[Willie D]

They say the first law of nature, is self-preservation  
Fuck a PlayStation, my bills don't vacation  
Got a mac-11, holdin up a bankin center  
If they follow my instructions, they might make it home for dinner  
Cake-ass nigga in the club, bottle poppin  
.. make me wanna pop him, heh  
He bought a drink, flashed his knot, now he dearly departed  
Broke as I was, that nigga had to be retarded  
Stung him in the cabbage with that semi-automatic  
Jacked his chain and his watch, and rifled through his {?}  
I'll kill ya dead, rich or po', grown or a youngster  
I ain't Cody Scott, but I can be a +Monster+  
Call me a sinner, but know what's funny?  
So is the dude that you give your money to on Sundays  
Like my grandmother, she paid her tithe, sold her place and picked up folks  
for the church and died broke, with nothin to show

[Chorus]

[Willie D]

You can talk that hot shit if you want to  
But it don't tell me what you won't do  
When you're down on your luck and nobody gives a fuck  
Bill collectors on your heels and they repo'n your wheels  
I done had money, been broke and had it again  
Anythang I do twice, I can do it again  
Look how many niggaz who done sold drugs all this time  
That's doin a bunch of years are back in the hood and ain't got a dime  
Ain't no excuse for it, go on be a man and admit it  
That come from cappin, buyin cars and trickin bitches  
I ain't tryin to knock your hustle homey, that ain't cool  
But get your money, clean it up, and get the fuck on fool  
Cause your friends just wanna stunt and these hoes just want your bread  
And the fed is gonna hunt and these niggaz'll blow your head  
behind beef, or a fake say, dude knew your face  
So you murdered him, but ain't got nothin to show

[Chorus]

[Willie D]

I'll be God damned if I'ma be that old nigga that live  
60 plus years and leave nothin but bills  
"Mind Playin Tricks" still playin on the box  
And I'm sittin on the porch in sweats and some mismatched dress socks  
Yeah right! Before I go out like a busta  
I get all my fuckin guns and kill ALL you motherfuckers  
I ain't gon' be that cat that's broke so he blows his brain  
I'ma be the one to kill the armored truck driver if anythang  
Fuck the fame I want the dough cause when times get drastic  
You cain't take a fuckin ego to the bank and cash it  
I'm not impressed with your big house and expensive whip  
If you can't pay cash you can't afford the shit  
They say heaven got what I'm needin, but just in case it don't exist

I'm gettin my flowers while I'm breathin  
But ain't gon' be like Sammy Davis and Redd Foxx  
When Willie D check up out this bitch he goin out on top

[Chorus]

I told you, I was gon' give you somethin to think about  
Shit, even if I fuck off all the money I made  
Nigga I'ma still God damn be paid at the end  
Cause guess what? Got that life insurance policy, hahaha  
Shit that motherfucker there's, better than playin the lottery  
You guaranteed to hit  
Babies they can come up like instant millionaires  
I tell you right now my baby's an instant millionaire  
Nigga you understand what I'm sayin?  
Some of y'all sucka busta ass nigga  
Y'all don't understand that kind of shit  
Y'all like, worry about the bitch  
Spendin the money on this nigga and that nigga and all this shit  
Nigga drivin your car, livin in your house  
Stop marryin these motherfuckin hoes! You won't have that problem